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Ten Nights, A Smile, and Him.



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Chapter 1 by **Strawberrychan17**

My head was pounding and I knew that I only had myself to blame. The blurry reflection of red eyes and smeared makeup did little to hide my persistent joy. Which -perhaps- was a conundrum in itself.

Chapter 2 by **Strawberrychan17**



But such is the struggle of a perpetual drunk who resides in a shitty apartment. I currently found myself struggling in a vandalized public restroom in front of a vandalized public mirror in a vandalized building in a vandalized city.

Would I ever be able to make my escape from the jagged claws of this city?

Tonight had been terrible. My shift at the bar had lasted too long and I just wanted to get back to my dismal living space where I could mix my tears into a large bottle of vodka and fade into a state of sleep.

If only my car hadn't been stolen three days prior.

I soon walked out of the distasteful public restroom and made the grave mistake of turning left to a darker, more dimly lit staircase. See more of Story Wars

When I looked up to see what I could see of him in my peripheral vision,

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I gave him a quick smile in reply before apologizing. Then- I blacked out.

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